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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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AN AGENT wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

Liberal Cash Commissions will be paid to any one who will devote a few hours a day or week to introducing LITTLE FOLKS. Mothers and teachers especially desired.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

Contents of Little Folks, May, 1899.

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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AT GRANDPA'S BARN.

LITTLE FOLKS

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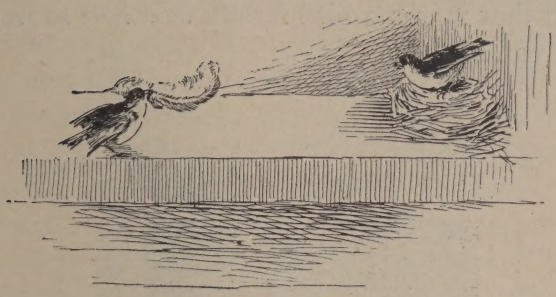

HE BROUGHT IT IN HIS MOUTH.

THE RED FEATHER-BED.

GLADYS left her hat out in the garden one night. The dew had fallen on it and it was quite wet when she found it the next morning. The pretty red feather she had been so proud of was gone, no one knew where.

* * * *

They were a very happy couple, even if they had moved into an attic to live. They were as busy and as cosy as possible, working together to put their house in order. They had chosen this attic because they thought they should like the people that lived down stairs. There was one little girl who had given them something to eat several times, and they felt quite fond of her.

The father was making the loveliest couch he could think of. It was set right in the open window, for they were not at all afraid of taking cold. He brought fine straws and dainty sticks, little strings and soft hairs, and the pair worked together and

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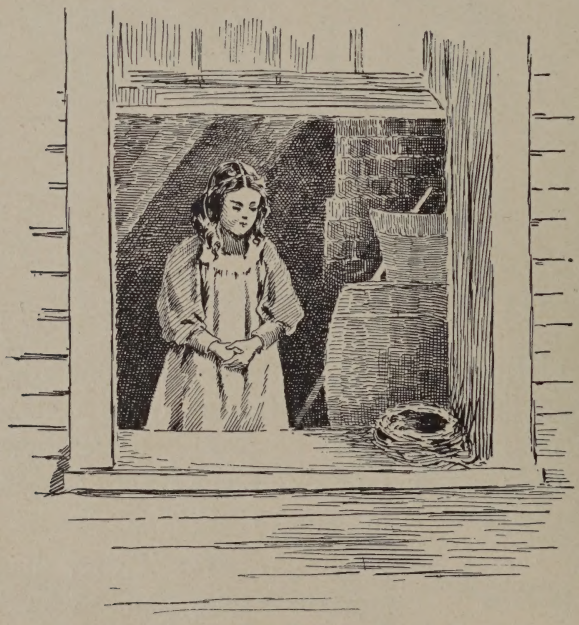
wove them in and out until they had completed a little bed that was very soft and comfortable.

Then the father went out to stroll about and stretch himself for a few minutes after his hard work; but he came back almost at once, bearing a feather-bed in his mouth. Yes, in his mouth; for this father didn't have any hands. He had, instead, two beautiful wings, and two tiny feet with claws—and now you have guessed that it was a bird family that had moved into the attic, haven't you?



THEN GLADYS KNEW WHAT HAD BECOME OF HER FEATHER.

Mrs. Bird was very much surprised when Mr. Bird brought in the bed.

"Oh, where did you get it?" she cried. "It doesn't belong to us."

"My dear, it surely does. I found it in the garden."

"But the color!" exclaimed Mrs. Bird. "You know our family never have anything but grey, and this is bright red. I fancy it may belong to Mrs. Robin."

"Well," replied Mr. Bird, "I asked Mr. Robin about it as I came along, and he showed me that their feathers were a very

different red from this. So I think we may keep it. I found it near that white rose-bush in the garden. It seemed to be fast to something, but I pulled and off it came."

Mrs. Bird fussed with her new feather-bed quite a while. She laid it on the nest, first this way and then that, and finally she got it arranged to suit her.

It wasn't so very long afterwards, that there were four dear little speckled eggs for Mrs. Bird to keep warm under her breast, day and night; and then it wasn't so very long after that there were four Birdlings for Mother Bird to take care of. Then she was very glad of her red feather-bed to help keep them warm.

Father Bird now was busy all day long bringing nice things to eat. One day he brought something that the little girl down stairs had given him. But the Mother Bird wouldn't give the Birdlings any. She said cake wasn't good for children. She and Father Bird ate it themselves.

The Birdlings grew and grew, and their feathers got longer and their bodies fatter, until at last they were bigger than Father and Mother Bird. (You watch the Sparrows and you will see that the baby birds who can hardly fly and do not know how to feed themselves, are larger than the old birds.)

Then the Birdlings had flying lessons. Back and forth they went to the sweet apple-tree. And at last they were big enough to talk about going to housekeeping themselves the next spring.

"And I shall have the red feather-bed," said one.

"No, no, I shall!" cried each of the others, and it seemed as if there was about to be a quarrel in the Bird family. But while the Birdlings were each claiming the red feather-bed Mother Bird flew up, and overheard them.

"You are quarreling over what does not belong to you, you silly children!" she cried. The red feather-bed is mine and it is to stay right here in the nest."

* * * *

Gladys went up into the attic one day to look for "doll-rags." There, in the window, she saw an empty bird's nest, and she knew then, as you do now, where her red feather had gone.

May W. Clymer.

THE STARS WERE TURNED INTO SHINING DOLLARS.

THE STARS THAT TURNED TO DOLLARS.

(*An Old-fashioned Fairy Story.*)

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, whose father and mother had died; and she was so poor that she didn't even have a little room to live in, or a little bed to sleep in. She had only the clothes that she wore, and a crust of bread that some good woman had given to her.

But though she was so poor, she was a very good little girl. And because she had no friends at all in the wide, wide world, she went out into the country. She walked along cheerfully, for she believed that everything would turn out all right in the end.

She had not gone far before she met a poor man who said: "Please, give me something to eat, I'm so very hungry!"

So the little girl gave him her crust of bread, saying, "God bless you!" and went on.

Next she met a child that cried and said: "My head is so cold, so cold! Give me something to wrap it up in."

So the little girl took off her cap and gave it to him.

A little further on another child came, that had no jacket, and was cold, and the little girl gave him hers; and again another child that asked for a frock, and the little girl gave away her own.

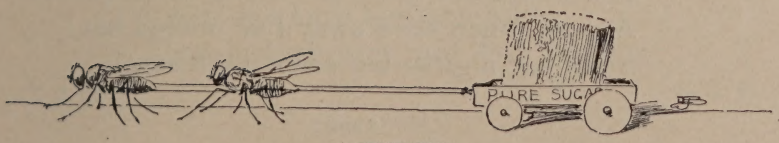
At last she reached some woods, just as the sun was setting. There another child came and asked for a shirt, and the good little girl said to herself: "It is dark night now, and no one will see me. I might as well give away my shirt too."

So she took her shirt off and gave it to the child.

And as she stood there among the bushes with nothing at all of her own, the stars all of a sudden fell down from heaven upon the ground at her feet, and they were turned into shining dollars. And in place of the shirt she had given away, she had a new one, of the best linen.

Then the good little girl gathered up all the dollars, and was rich for the rest of her life.

From the German of Grimm, by Helena Knorr.



A GREAT FIND.

SHE PLAYS WITH DOLLS.

THE GIRL.

I KNOW a Girl, a reg'lar Girl,
With flouncy dress and twisty curl,
She plays with dolls, an' hates boys' rows,
She screams at mice, an' runs from cows.
But when a fellow's feeling sick,
Her books and dolls, she leaves them quick!
An' oh, when she's away I've missed her!
She's just a girl—but she's my Sister!

E. S. T.

HE LOVES A NOISE.

THE BOY.

I KNOW a Boy, a rouncing Boy,
With dirty hands and noisy toy,
He plays with toads, an' fights with boys,
He teases me, an' loves a noise.
But when I'm scared he's *very* brave,
He'd chase a *cow* my life to save!
I wouldn't have him any other
Than just my very own dear Brother.

E. S. T.

THE STORY OF TARTAR

TARTAR was a cow. Tartar had been the prettiest calf in the farm-yard, white and dark red, with a coat that shone like silk. But Tartar had not been a pleasant calf, for she only cared to please herself, and, when she could not manage to get just what she wanted, she grew very cross. She was always quite sure that she was right and that everyone else was wrong, and when matters were not to her mind, she would toss her head angrily and try to butt everything that came in her way.

This did not matter much when Tartar was a calf and had no horns, but as she grew up to be a cow, it mattered very much indeed. For horns are dangerous weapons when they belong to a cross cow, and this very pretty calf had turned into such a cross cow that the children had to give up petting her; and instead of being called "dear little Bossie," she was called "that old Tartar of a cow," until Tartar came to be her name.

This is what Tartar would do. When John, the man who took care of the cows, was driving them to pasture or home again, Tartar would feel inclined to graze by the way and would begin to lag behind. "Go on, Tartar, go on!" John would say; and then the cow would give her horns an angry shake and stand stock-still. At last, whack! John's stick would come on the silken flanks, and down would go Tartar's head and she would make a dash at John with her horns. John was

quick and would jump aside, but one day Tartar was quicker still and one of her sharp horns tore a long slit in John's trousers and scraped his leg.

So that night when Tartar was in her stall, she suddenly found her head held fast in a sort of yoke, so that she could move it neither to the right nor the left; and then John, with a sharp saw, cut off the points of her beautiful curving horns, and covered the ends with blunt metal tips so that she could never again stick them into anything.

Tartar was ashamed of her horns, and for some days she walked along before John meekly enough. But in the pasture she felt crosser than ever, and was so disagreeable to the other cows that they all moved away and left her to graze by herself. And this made her unhappy, and though it was every bit her own fault, she said to herself, "All these cows are just hateful. I wish I could go away from them. I think I will get out of this pasture and find a pleasanter place. I wonder if I can't knock down this fence—I don't like fences anyway."

So Tartar began to twist and push the rails until down one came, and at once, she scrambled over the lower one and walked off along the road.

Tartar knew that she was doing wrong but that only made her feel crosser than ever, and she kept thinking, "I don't care! I don't care! I hate that old John, and I hate those disagreeable cows, and I'll just go where I please, and knock down everything that gets in my way."

So Tartar walked along the road, switching her tail back and forth, and holding her head high in the air.

Before long Tartar met a boy coming from school, with his books under his arm. The boy knew the cow must be a runaway cow, to be walking off like that by herself, so he waved his arms in front of her and shouted. Tartar stopped short, looked at him a moment, and then put her head down and ran straight for him, and the boy dropped his books in a hurry and made for the fence as fast as he could go. Tartar gave a triumphant toss of her head and walked on, switching her tail faster than ever, and thinking:

"I rather guess no one will stop me!"

Soon after this she met a woman, carrying a pail of huckleberries. Tartar stopped and gave her head a shake. The woman stopped, too, and they looked at each other for a minute. Then the woman came slowly on, keeping as far from the cow as she could. But Tartar suddenly gave a sort of snort and put her head down, and, with a scream, away went the woman into the bushes, her huckleberries flying in every direction.

Along the road went Tartar, very much pleased with herself. "Everybody is afraid of me," she thought, holding her head higher than ever, "and they had better be. If they don't get out of my way and pretty quickly, too, they'll be sorry."

Just here she came to something she had never seen before. Directly in front of her across the road she saw two long black things side by side, lying on heavy pieces of wood. At first she thought that they were snakes, but when she came nearer, she found that they did not move. By the side of the road was a tall post with a sign upon it, like this,

LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE!

But Tartar could not read, and even if she had been able to, I doubt if she would have paid the least attention. As it was, she said to herself, "How ugly these black things are—and very much in the way, too. I think I will knock them out of the road."

So she gave one of them a blow with her blunt horns. The blow made her head feel very queer, but it didn't disturb the black things at all, and that made Tartar very, very angry. She looked first one way and then the other, and seeing that the black lines disappeared around some curves, she thought, "I'll find out where you come from, you disagreable things, and I'll get the best of you yet!" and away she marched, directly between the black lines. She had only gone a few steps when she saw something coming around the curve, before her. It was black, too, and big, and it came towards her very fast.

"Well, now, what's this?" said Tartar. "Here's something

else getting in my way. I'll just fix this thing the way I did the boy and the woman!" For Tartar felt crosser than ever since she had given her head such a hard knock. She stopped and watched the big black thing coming nearer; then she lifted her head and called out, "Get out of my way at once, you great clumsy thing, or I'll knock you off the road—do you hear?"

Just then the engineer on the locomotive (for of course you knew it must be a locomotive) caught sight of Tartar and heard what sounded to him like a loud "moo!" and at once he pulled a cord and the whistle gave a shrill scream, which meant "Down brakes!"

"No use in your screaming," said Tartar, tossing her head. "I won't have you getting in my way. Get off this road at once, I tell you!"

The train had been going very fast and could not be stopped instantly—it was very close to Tartar now.

"*Hoo-Hoo-Hoo!*" went the whistle, and "*Clang Clang-Clang!*" went the bell, but Tartar only planted her feet more firmly. "You great ugly thing," she said, "what do you mean by acting so? Why don't you get out of my way? I'll teach you a lesson!" and putting down her head, Tartar ran to meet the approaching engine.

That would have been the last of Tartar, if the engineer had not, by this time, brought the train very nearly to a stop. As it was she came *thump!* against the heavy iron grating on the front of the engine, and was lifted off her feet and sent flying into the bushes on one side of the road.

There Tartar lay, too much stunned and surprised at first to move. When she did lift her head, the train was no longer in sight. One of her horns was broken off short, and when she tried to get up she found that she could not stand on one leg. Her head and shoulders ached terribly, and her dainty coat was all scratched and bleeding and covered with dirt.

There never was a sadder cow than Tartar as she lay there, too much broken in spirit to make any further attempt to get up. The sun sank slowly towards the tops of the trees, but still the poor cow lay miserably among the bushes.

Suddenly she heard a voice she knew. It was John, calling "*Coo-ee! Coo-ee!*" That was the way in which John called the cows. Cross as she had been to John, she was glad enough to hear that friendly voice. She raised her head a little and gave a faint "moo"—not a bit the kind of "moo" one usually heard from Tartar.

John's voice called again, nearer this time, and again Tartar answered. Soon John himself came breaking through the bushes.

"What are you doing way off here, you old bother?" said

"COME AND EAT THIS CLOVER, TARTAR!"

he, but when he saw how pitiful poor Tartar looked, his voice grew softer.

"Why Tartar, what's the matter? Are you hurt? That's what you get for breaking down fences, and running away, and making no end of trouble. But, bless me, you are hurt, you poor old thing! There, can't you stand? Lor! I do believe you were knocked off the track by an engine because you wouldn't get out of the way! What a fool of a cow you are!"

If Tartar had been called a fool of a cow before her recent experiences, she would have answered with a dash of her horns, but now she only hid her head in the bushes and gave a sad

little "moo." John's heart was a tender one and he forgave all Tartar's cross ways on the spot.

"You poor thing," he said. "You have had a lesson, and perhaps you'll be wiser after this—if we can ever get you home again. Come now, poor Moolie, try and stand up—there now—there now—good Moolie!"

Tartar could not remember having ever been called "good Moolie" before, and she found it very pleasant. With John's help she managed to get upon her feet, and she slowly limped home after him, her poor aching head held very low. Now and then John stroked and patted her and said, "Poor old Moolie good Moolie," and at last she saw the open barn-door before her

All the other cows were in their stalls, but they turned to look at Tartar as she came humbly in, and all the soft brown eyes were full of wonder and interest. One of the younger cows asked, "Well, what *has* happened to you, cross-patch?"

But an old cow said at once, "Hold your foolish tongue, you heifer. Tartar has had enough for today!"

John bound up Tartar's hurt leg and put something very soothing on the cuts and bruises, and the cow kept very still and never once tossed her remaining horn. And though she was sick for nearly two weeks, at last she grew quite well again and went back to the pasture.

But she was a changed cow. She never forgot what happened that day she ran away and would have her own way in everything; and she never forgot, too, how kind John had been to her. At first there were times when she wanted dreadfully to toss that one poor horn and stick it into some saucy young cow; but she never did. She grew more and more gentle, so that not only John but the children made a pet of her again.

She kept her name of Tartar, but it was no longer, "You old Tartar, go along with you?" It was "Dear Tartar, good Tartar! Come and eat this clover, Tartar!" And many a time I have seen her with a wreath of wild flowers or a bunch of bay leaves wound about her head, so that no one could see the poor broken horn.

Averic Standish Francis.

"MY LITTLE SUNNY BLUE-EYED BOY!"

A LITTLE SUNSHINE-MAKER.

IN kindergarten, I've been told,
A calendar hangs low,
Within the reach of little ones,
So they can always go
And fasten up, for every day,
A paper circle there—
A gray one if the clouds are dark,
A gold one if it's fair.

My little sunny blue-eyed boy
  Came beaming home one noon,
And all about this wondrous plan
  He told me very soon:
"Not many days are dark, you know,
  We do not need much gray,
But there are lots of yellow ones—
  They make it bright and gay!"

It was a rainy afternoon;
  I could not let him out.
He played alone quite busily,
  At last I heard a shout:
"O, see! the sun is shining now,
  It's shining on the wall!
I've put the yellow circles up,
  It does not rain at all!"

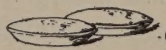
Right then we made a little plan;
  Whenever there arise
True rain-clouds, or the frowny-clouds
  That darken people's eyes,
We put the yellow suns around
  To make things bright and gay—
You'd be surprised to see how soon
  It grows a pleasant day!

Annie Willis McCullough.

THE PORTRAIT OF GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

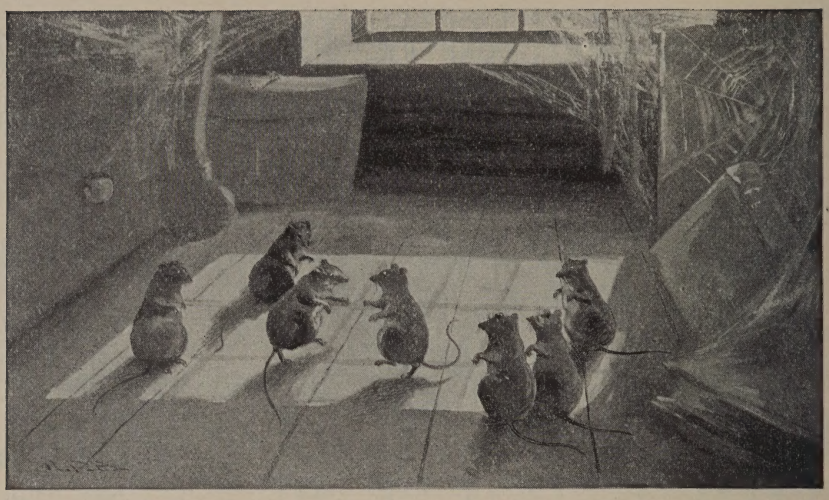
WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

VII

Away went Teddy down the street like a streak of till, looking around, he saw that the white was not after him. Then he ran behind some in a snug corner, and stopped to rest. It was quiet there, and the was warm, and presently he stretched himself out to take a nap. Then round the corner came the Butcher's boy. He had on a blue , and carried a big full of meat. And round another corner came the Baker's boy. And he had on a white apron, and his was full of  and bread. And the Butcher's boy and the saw the little white dog behind the barrels.

"A stray dog," said the Butcher's boy. "My

is dead I will take this little dog for a pet instead." "My canary flew away yesterday," said the Baker's boy, "so I will take the little white for *my* pet instead." "Let us sit down on these said the Butcher's boy, "and, when he wakes up, the one he goes to first shall keep him." Then they tickled the little dog's ear, and waked him up "How hungry I am!" thought Teddy. There was something good in the air. He sniffed and sniffed Ah, he liked better than . Straight he went to the of the clever Butcher's boy. And where was the little that night but trotting about from door to door with his new little master!



THE MOONLIGHT DANCE IN COBWEB HALL.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.—Four Children.

IT is about half after six, on a June morning, in the year 1851, when this real true story of real true children begins.

Judith and Tom (brother and sister and dear friends and playmates, Judith ten and exactly two years older than Tom) were running up and down the beach on the south shore of Staten Island—just on the very tip-end, where the great bay runs between Staten Island and Long Island. The spot is called "The Narrows."

The two children were chasing the gentle waves down the beach, and then, as they gathered and came up the sand, running away from them—to be often caught and washed about the feet and ankles. But as they had taken off their shoes and stockings, they only laughed when the waves caught them.

Just now, as Judith looked behind, she stopped Tom short. "Oh, there's father coming out of the bath-house!" she said.

"Come on—perhaps we can get him to look at the rock now before breakfast!"

They turned and ran up the beach where a tall man in a dressing-gown and slippers, with some towels in his hand, was locking the door of one of the bath houses.

"Oh, father!" called Judith, as she came on. "Wait for us! won't you look at the rock now, before you go in? We wish you would!"

The man dropped the key in his pocket, and waited for the children. "Well, where is it?" he said, with a smile.

"Right close by, father," said Judy, skipping ahead. "It is *such* a queer mark—it *must* mean something!"

She and Tom scrambled along over some rocks, then waited for Captain Britton to come up.

The beach was perfectly smooth and free from stones for miles, until just at this tip-end of the island, when the whole shore became rocky all through the Narrows and beyond.

"See, father, this one," said Judy, pointing to one of the rocks. "Don't you see the mark? it looks like a cross with a figure-one under it."

"So it does," said the Captain, after he had looked at it. "But Judy, it probably is an accidental mark, and means nothing."

"And on this side—see father," went on Judy, not attending to what her father was saying, "on this side it is all smooth sand, just the place anybody would dig to bury anything."

"Yes," said Captain Britton, laughing. "But what put it into your head, Judy, that it was Captain Kidd?"

"Why, father!" cried Judy reproachfully. "*You* said he came up along in his ships and buried gold and diamonds and things on the beaches, and that he left marks so that he could come and find them again!"

"Yes, father, you did," put in Tom.

"I didn't say just that, children," laughed Captain Britton. "I said he was *supposed* to have buried treasures in the vicinity of New York, but I didn't say any particular beach."

"But doesn't 'vicinity' mean 'near?' And this is 'near' New York, father," argued Judy.

"Yes, it's near, Judy," her father answered, laughing again; "and it won't do any harm to dig, if you and Tom want to—but I wouldn't expect to get anything, were I you."

"I wouldn't dig if I didn't expect to find something," said Judy. "Don't *you* think it's a queer mark, father?"

"Yes, it is a queer mark—how is it you and Tom have never spied it out before?"

"We were looking for mussels, the time we found it," said Judy. "I suppose, father, we shall have to dig very deep. *Would* you dig, father?"

"*I've* no objection, Judy. But you'll have to ask the Major—you know it isn't *our* shore any more. There he is now, coming out of his bath house—you might run and ask him."

Judy knew very well that the Government had taken a good deal of her father's land for building the new fortifications, and she supposed she ought to ask Major Field's permission to dig on the beach. So she and Tom ran along to meet him.

The Major smiled as they came up. He was a very stern military-looking man, and seemed grim even when he smiled. "Well, what can I do for you, Miss Judith?" he asked.

Judy mustered up all her courage. "If you please, Major Field," she said, "we want to dig for Captain Kidd's treasures down by a rock with a queer mark on it. And father said we must ask *you*, because it isn't *our* shore any longer."

The Major laughed outright. "You're after Captain Kidd's treasure are you? What put that into your heads?"

"Why, we always knew about Captain Kidd," spoke up Tom, "Father told us."

The two men looked at each other and smiled. "Your father told you, did he? Well, I'll let you dig," said the Major, "but if you find anything, you must give me half."

"Half?" said Judith, in dismay, "*that* would be a good deal, because there's Nancy and Fred and Tom and me, and it's a good many to divide with."

Their father and the Major laughed again, and then the Major said, "Well, you needn't give me half—just give me any little trifle that you choose. Of course you know," he added,

"that you will have to dig just at midnight, just at twelve o'clock; and that you musn't speak one word."

Judith looked startled. "But we couldn't dig just at midnight," she said; "we couldn't see."

"Breakfast!" cried their father. "Scamper now!" And off the children ran up the hill.

The men came more slowly; and when they reached the top of the bluff, where the tall white lighthouse stood, both turned and looked seaward. Between their Island and Sandy Hook the broad bay spread out, covered with beautiful sailing and steaming ships. Fort Hamilton was on their right, and Fort Lafayette too—the children always called it "Fort Diamond," from its shape. Above them, on a hill, stood an old red sandstone fort—Fort Tompkins, long abandoned, fast going to ruin, but always safely locked up, much to the regret of the children who longed to explore its mysteries. Under the hill were the walls of a new fort just building, the tops of the derricks showing above the hill. Beyond were the buildings of New York City, and rising above all the masts and flying flags was the tall, slender, graceful spire of Trinity Church.

In a grassy hollow below lay cannon on beams in the long grass; and beyond was the wide lawn all buttercups, daisies and clover, in front of the long low house with a gambrel roof, which Tom and Judith had just reached. They were swinging on the gate and waiting for their father, and so the Major went on his way and left the Captain to go to his breakfast.

Breakfast was waiting in the wide old hall. The house was nearly two hundred years old, and the thick doors at either end of the hall were made in two pieces, heavily studded with big nails, and with great iron handles and latches. The top half of both doors was open, and the family could see the blue water and the passing ships from one, as they sat at breakfast, and from the other the old-fashioned garden, rich now with the fragrance of blossoming roses and mignonette.

"Mother," said Tom, as he took his place, "the Major says we can dig for Captain Kidd's things."

"What is that?" asked the mother; and then the children

"YES, FATHER, YOU DID," PUT IN TOM.

had to explain that their father said the old pirate Captain buried treasures on the beaches, and that they had found a rock with a mark on it, down by the Narrows, and that the Major said they might dig there.

Ned burst out laughing. Ned was their elder brother, about seventeen. He seemed mightily amused. "I suppose Fred and Nancy are in it, too?" he said.

"Of course they are," said Judy, "and you needn't laugh—father himself says it's a *very* queer mark!"

There was still a funny twinkle in Ned's eyes. "Will you show me the rock?" said he.

"Right off," said Tom, getting up from his chair. "Come on!"

"Well, I guess not," said Judith. "Don't you do it, Tom. We found that rock our own selves. *Nobody* is going there to dig."

Then Ned began to laugh immoderately, and he went out on the piazza, and he laughed there.

"Well, I don't see anything to laugh at," said Judy. She felt indignant at Ned. Still, after breakfast, she went to him, where he sat reading, and asked *why* people had to dig at night for Captain Kidd's things.

"I don't know," said Ned; "only I am told that they do. And that if anyone speaks while they are digging, the box will vanish."

Tom and Judy agreed that they would much rather dig in the daytime; but if they *had* to dig in the night, of course they must.

As they stood by the lawn gate, they saw Fred and Nancy coming, flying down the hill. Nancy's long yellow curls were streaming out behind her. Fred was a little in advance, his fists held on each side of his chest in true running fashion.

Judith thought Nancy the most beautiful little girl in the world. She envied her for her yellow curls and her soft blue eyes. While Nancy wished she had nice long brown braids, like Judy's, with eyes to match.

The boys were not so different. Both had brown hair, cropped short, but Fred's eyes were gray and merry, while Tom's were hazel and very sweet and tender. Fred and Judith were just of an age, and Tom and Nancy were another pair.

But if the boys and girls of today could only see how these children were dressed!

Fred and Tom wore trousers that came down to their ankles, and a sort of round loose jacket of thin stuff, nankeen or gingham. No nice short breeches in those days, no comfortable shirt waists!

Judy and Nancy wore frocks with very long waists, cut low in the neck and with short sleeves, the skirts gathered on to the waists. On their frocks they wore white aprons, with waists, and tied on the shoulder with big white starched bows; the skirts of the aprons were almost as full and as long as the skirts of their frocks. Their stockings were white. Below the hems of their skirts the big ruffles of their "pantalettes" showed. They wore white sunbonnets, which were seldom on their heads, for after they had knotted the strings, Judith and Nancy pushed them off around their necks, as far as they would go.

Judith ran to meet Nancy. "O Nancy," she cried, "you know what we told you about Captain Kidd, and that rock?"

"Yes," said Nancy, out of breath from running so fast. "What about it?"

"Well, the Major says we may dig—we asked him this morning, for father said it wasn't our own shore any more. Come on round to the battery where it is shady."

"Come on!" they all shouted, and ran around into the shadow of the lighthouse, and sat down upon one of the granite circles made for the guns to run on.

Then they talked for a long time. Presently Judith saw her mother out on the lawn. She called to her. "Mother, is the moon full to-night?"

"I believe so," said her mother.

Then there was a long talk, all in whispers; and presently they jumped up and ran about, clapping their hands, and crying, "oh, goody-goody!"

Katherine B. Foot.

(To be continued.)

A CROCODILE and a honey-bee
They met in Rosemary Lane.
In great anger buzzed the bee,
"I'll kill you and eat you," said he,
"If ever you come here again!"

Marie Flaacke.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

IN Maytime, in Maytime,
The birdie builds a nest:
First it brings one twig,
And then it brings the rest—
Ten twigs—twenty twigs—
Half a dozen more—
And there's a little home
Where there was none before!

Elizabeth Hill.

THE BABY'S CURLS.

MAISIE had sat in her little rocking chair under the apple-tree for a long time. Her dolly's new dress lay in her lap, with the needle in the hem. Maisie was too much interested in watching a little brown bird to sew. The little bird was picking up straws, bits of thread, or anything that she thought would make her nest soft and comfortable.

Maisie sat so very still, that the little bird came nearer and nearer. Once Maisie almost laughed to see what a big mouthful of yellow straws she had picked up, so many that she could hardly fly with them.

Suddenly Maisie called very gently, "Mama!" She hardly dared more than whisper, for fear that her voice would frighten the little bird away. But Mama heard, and came to the window.

"Look," whispered Maisie, pointing where Baby Harold lay fast asleep.

Mama looked, and smiled.

The little bird had flown down to the ground just behind the rustic settee, on which little Harold lay, and was hopping back and forth, with head on one side, looking up at a long yellow curl of Harold's that hung down through a crack in the seat. It

was quite plain that the bird thought the long soft yellow strand would be beautiful to weave into the nest in the apple-tree.

Mama and Maisie kept very still. Little Harold was sound asleep and did not move. The brown bird grew bolder. It hopped upon a bar of the frame-work of the rustic seat, and gave a little pull at the shining curl. Harold felt the pull, gentle as it was, half opened his blue eyes, then shut them again.

The bird gave another pull.

"Don'," said Harold, in a soft, sleepy little voice. The bird stopped, cocked her head on one side a minute, then as nothing more was heard she tried once more to get that golden hair for her nest. She took a good hold this time, and pulled with all her little might, bracing herself on her perch, just as a robin braces himself when he is pulling a big, obstinate worm from the ground.

"Don' pull my hair!" said Baby Harold, speaking up louder, a little cross to have some one bother him so, when he was sleepy.

Mama and Maisie both laughed at this; and the little bird flew away in a great fright.

Mama brought out some soft yellow floss that she used in her embroidery work, and Maisie put it on the ground where the bird could find if it she came again. "She will like it just as well as Harry's curls," said Mama.

The bird did not come back again that morning, but when the children went out in the yard after dinner, the yellow floss was gone.

Ida Kenniston.

BABY AND MR. CROSSMAN.

OUR neighbor just across the way,
So people say,
Was never known for *such* a while,
To speak or smile.

One day, when Baby went to ride,
He soon espied
This Mr. Crossman, with a frown,
Just bound for town.

BABY ESPIED HIM.

So Baby gave a dainty bow,
As he knows how,
And wished our friend across the way
A sweet good-day.

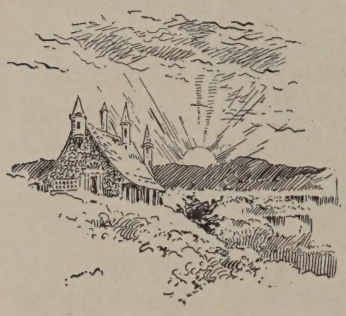
And that's how Baby broke the spell,
It so befell;
For what could Mr. Crossman do,
But just smile, too?

Frank Walcott Hutt.

A PICTURE STORY.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)

HERE IS THE CRANE.



HERE IS THE GLASS HOUSE.

AND HERE IS THE FLYING BOY.

AND every night when Roggie and Reggie were ready for bed —all dressed in their little pajamas— their father would draw them pictures, and tell them a story about each picture.

He could draw pictures just like those you see in a picture-book.

And one night he drew them these pictures, and told them this story.

"Once there was a long-necked crane. Here he is, you see, walking through the tall grass. He is going over to this little glass house on Sunset Hill to see a friend of his."

And Roggie said, "Oh, what a funny little glass house, papa!"

And Reggie said, "Who lives in the little glass house, papa?"

And their father said, "This little boy. His name is Love."

And Roggie said, "Oh, a boy with wings!"

And Reggie said, "Why, a boy hasn't wings, papa!"

And their father said, "This story-boy has wings, and he can use them too! He sees his friend, the long-necked crane, and he is flying down the hill to meet him.

And now they have met you can see they are whispering to each other?"

And Roggie said, "What did the

crane and the little boy whisper to each other, papa?"

And Reggie said, "What did they whisper?"

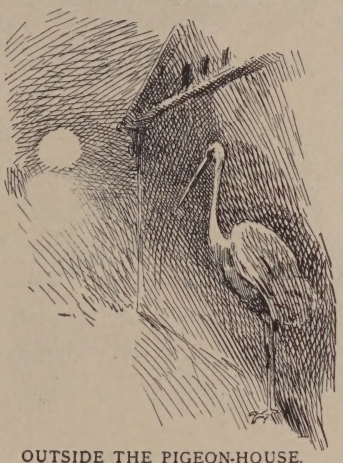
And their father said, "How do I know--they whispered so low, I did not hear what they said, but this is what happened. The little boy flew, and the crane walked fast, till they came to the pigeon-house."

"WHAT DID THEY WHISPER?"

And Roggie said, "Oh, that is *our* pigeon-house you are drawing, papa!"

And Reggie said, "Did they come to our pigeon-house, papa?"

And their father said, "Yes, they came to our pigeon-house, but it was night, so no one saw them. And the little boy, Love, went into the pigeon-house, while Mr. Crane waited outside in the moonlight. And what do you think that little boy found in a soft little nest, in our pigeon-house? He found two baby pigeons!"



OUTSIDE THE PIGEON-HOUSE.

And Roggie said, "Oh, papa, in our pigeon-house did he find them?"

And Reggie said, "Are they there now?"

And their father laughed and said, "In the morning you must go to the pigeon-house and see if they are there. Listen, Mama is calling you now to come to bed, so that is the end of our story."

INSIDE THE PIGEON-HOUSE.

And Roggie said, "Oh, that isn't all of the story?"

And Reggie said, "Make another picture. What did that boy do next?"

JUST BREAD AND MILK!

"GOOD-NIGHT, BOY LOVE!"

"GOOD-NIGHT, MR. CRANE!

And their father said, "Oh, yes. Little boy Love went home with Mr. Crane to supper. They had bread and milk for their supper. Here they are at the table."

And Roggie said, "We always have bread and milk for our supper."

And Reggie said, "Then what next, papa? *Please* draw another picture, papa."

And their father said, "Why, little boy Love said, 'Good-night, I hear my mother calling me.' And he flew away to his little glass house on Sunset Hill and went to bed, in his little glass bed. So good-night, Roggie, good-night, Reggie, no more story to-night."

But Roggie said, "What did the Crane do?"

And Reggie said, "What did the Crane do?"

And their father laughed and said, "Well, here he is standing in the tall grass with his head tucked under his wing, as sound asleep as the little boy Love, and as you both will be in a very few minutes."

And in a very few minutes, Roggie and Reggie were asleep in their little bed. And they dreamed funny dreams that night.

But what do you think—next morning, when Reggie and Roggie went to the pigeon-house, there in a soft little, warm little nest they found two baby-pigeons!

Gertrude Smith.

TO OUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In the April number the publisher promised to tell those who have taken Our Little Ones and the Nursery about some of the premiums which have pleased Little Folks subscribers.

Perhaps the most popular premium for one subscriber has been a series of eight fine etchings, printed on plate paper 10 x 12, and which were never retailed at less than 75c. to $1.00 each. The Daisy air gun mentioned on the second page of cover of the April number always pleases the boys. The triple gold-plated watch, with guaranteed movement, is a beauty for either a boy or girl, and requires only six new subscribers and 25c.

For one new subscriber and 25c. or two new subscribers, (if prepaid 15c. more), you can have your choice of a Weeden steam-engine, 10 inches high, of polished brass, a hot air engine, which runs without steam or water, a steam pile driver, just like the large ones, a beautiful steam-boat, a steam force pump or a magic lantern. These are all guaranteed, and retail for from $1.00 to $1.50 each.

The most popular premium for two new subscribers is a year's free subscription to Little Folks. A great many little children have renewed their subscriptions by securing two new subscribers among their playmates. Any child can do this with the help of their mother or older brothers or sisters. Other popular premiums are a free year's subscription to Munsey's Magazine, McClure's, The Cosmopolitan, The Puritan, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, for two new subscribers. No magazine of the same price has ever given more liberal premiums than Little Folks, and it can only be done because our subscribers are so well pleased that they always renew. The three beautiful books given for one new subscriber, (see 3d page of cover) is a new premium that ought to be more popular than all the others. The books are actually *worth* more than the dollar required.

The publisher will send a set of eight paper dolls with dresses etc., to any child who, with the aid of her mother will send him the names of 25 to 50 mothers who have children of the right age for Little Folks, and could subscribe if they liked the magazine.

NORWOOD, VA.

Dear Little Folks:—You are so nice I am taking you for another year. I am trying to get some more little girls to take you. I think you are nicer than any other magazine. I have twenty-nine chickens. They will eat out of your hand. I have two horses, and I can ride them. I have seventeen dolls and four teasets, two tables and two sets of chairs, eight beds, two stands, and some dolls' jewelry, and a doll's stove, and I make fire in it and cook anything I want to in it. I have a doll's trunk, and I have a doll's fireplace, and lots more things. I will be ten the 18th of June. I have a birthday party. I like all of the stories in you; the ones that I like best are "Mary Emma's Tonic," and "Billy Boy Brown," and "Our Square," and "The Live Doll," and "Where Was the Little White Dog?" and "Teddy's Little Hatchet," and "My Funny Little Dog," and "Rose Sandberg's Sea Voyage," and "What It Was," and "The Roggie and Reggie Stories." I have a lot of picture books. I like to read the letters that the little girls write. I am your devoted reader.

Alice Aylett Callaway.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Feb. 21st, 1899.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you so well. I was five years old the 12th of this month, and had a small party. My little friend Jennie gave me a beautiful book, and my cousin Henry gave me a magic lantern, and we showed all the pictures to the children, and now I can work the lantern myself. We had a fine time at the party, and the ice cream was in the shape of dogs, bunnies, swans and monkeys.

J. Fletcher Harper.

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—My brother and I take you and like you very much. I am ten years old and my brother is five. He cannot read yet, so I have to read the magazine to him. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. The stories my brother and I like best are, "Where Was the Little White Dog?" "Billy Boy Brown," "The Roggie and Reggie Stories," "Where Marjorie Was Found," and "Peter." As soon as we get our magazine we always read it. My brother used to go to kindergarten in the fall, but they did not have it in the winter. I do not know whether the teacher is going to have it again this spring or not. I will stop now, so as to leave room for the other children to put their letters in.

Annie and Irvine Anderson.

BENN'S CHURCH, VA.

Dear Little Folks:—I've never written to you, for I cannot write, but I will get my mother to write for me. She teaches me every day, and I'm learning to make the letter "L" this week. I love to get "Little Folks," and like the story, "Where Was the Little White Dog" best of all. I have a little brown dog called "Big Dog." He is just as smart as can be. You should see him drive the chickens out of our garden! He can do most everything but talk. I have a tricycle and a wheelbarrow, in which I haul dirt to help my mother make a flower garden. I have some duck eggs which I'm going to set under a big white hen. I must tell you good-bye.

Paul C. Colonna.

FRANKLIN, IND.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very, very well. I can hardly wait until another month comes to read you. I take you to my teacher, and she reads you to the children. They all like "Billy Boy Brown" and the stories of "Roggie and Reggie"—well, they like every one of them. I have a sister older than I am. She is ten and I am eight—and she likes the stories, too. My sister and myself are going to try to get the teaset for mother. She said she would like to have it, and we would like to please her.

Thomasine J. Allen.

CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I will tell you of a true story about myself. When I was about three years old I went prowling around, as most boys of that age do. And when I found the oven door to the stove open I crawled in and sat down. Soon mother heard some one call "*ouch*," as though he was mad at something. She went hunting around, but could find nobody. And then she went into the kitchen, but when she was about to go from that room she heard "*ouch*" again. She turned around, but couldn't find anybody. At last she looked into the oven, as the doors were open, and what do you think she saw! Why, there I was, and the oven was not high enough for me to sit straight, head up, and every time I would try to straighten up my head it would bump against the top of the oven, and I would say "*ouch*," There was no fire in the stove. Some other time I will tell you how I took a sewing machine and a coffee mill apart, and about my kittens, but now I have no time.

Carl B. Norman.

COOPTOWN, MD.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one sister and one brother. My brother has a little pug dog. His name is Fido. He can stand upon his hind feet and beg. I have a big doll-baby, it is as big as a live baby. This cold weather my brother has been feeding the snowbirds. I always read the letters. I like "Roggie and Reggie Stories," and "Billy Boy Brown," and "Where was the Little White Dog?" You are the nicest book I have ever taken. *Mary Rigdon.*

CENTRAL CITY, IA.

My Dear Little Folks:—I am 11 years old. I have one little sister, she is two years old; her name is Ella. We live on a big farm three miles from Central City. I am not well in the winter, so I cannot play out of doors like other children. I have a school teacher at home; she gives me music lessons, too. But when summer comes then I have lots of fun with my pets. I have two ponies—one is a Shetland and the other an Indian; they are both three years old. I have a cart and harness for my Shetland. I have a goat; I have a cart and harness for her, too. I don't drive her much, though. I have a white lamb; she is the

largest one I ever have seen. I have two dogs; one is a St. Bernard, and the other is a rat-terrier; the St. Bernard's name is Duchess, and the rat terrier's is Freda; Freda is three years old, but Duchess is only a puppy, so I am teaching her new tricks. I think all the *Little Folk's* stories are nice. *Hazel F Bishop.*

TAZEWELL, VA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy just six years old. I am taking you and have had two numbers, and like you more than I can tell. I have mama read the stories over and over to me. I have a cow, a horse, a Jersey calf, and three kittens. If you will publish this letter I will be so glad, and I will write you again. I wrote this all with printed letters, but had my papa copy it, so you can read it. Your little friend, *Ned Chapman.*

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. My mama gave you to me for a Xmas present, and I like you so much. The stories are all just lovely. I hardly could tell which I like best. I love to read the letters, too. I have a little brother Donald; he has black eyes and white hair. We haven't lived in Blackfoot long. We used to live in Seattle, where we always travelled in boats; then mama and I went to California in a great big boat. I had such a nice time on the boat. I was just a little seasick at first. Then we had a very nice time in California. I like that better than any place we ever lived. I am going to help mama get subscribers for dear *Little Folks.*

Ruth V. Drury.

BANGOR, MAINE.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl, almost eight years old. I wish you came every week. My dearest pet is a yellow coon-kitty named Buff, but she will catch birds sometimes and eats mama's palms. I am glad it is coming summer, for I have a new bicycle. I like "The Black Cat," "Arabella and Araminta," and "Donald's Good Hen" the best.

Pauline Savage.

DAYTON, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years of age. I thought I must write and tell you that I do enjoy you so much that I am going to get my little friends to take you, too. I have a little dog named "Trilby"; she is the sweetest little dog ever was! I wait anxiously for the next number.

Marguerite Burkhard.

CHICAGO, ILL.

My Dear Little Folks;—I am eight years old and go to school. I am very fond of your magazine. It is hard to say which one of the stories I like best. I have a sister seven years old, and I guess we have read every one of your stories. We read all the little letters, too. Papa is going to get Georgia and I a wheel this summer. I have a little playmate named Lucile Comley. Her birthday is the fourth of March, and I am going to have you send her *Little Folks* for a birthday present.

Ethel Teegarden.

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CHAPIN, ILL.

Dear Little Folks: I am a little girl eight years old. I like to read you. My youngest brother took you last year. My cousin signed for you for me this year. I have not missed but one day from school this winter. I have more than a mile to walk to school. We have a dog—his name is Dewey. We had a cat named Hobson. *Bertha Margaret Williams.*

DURAND.

Dear Little Folks :—One of my playmates is going to take you. I am nine years old. Mama and papa got you for my birthday present. My birthday was the 16th of December, and I got a dollar and *Little Folks*. I live in the country, three miles from Durand, and my papa walks down in the morning early and back at night. He is a lawyer. I enjoy you very much, and like "Billy Boy Brown" and "Where Was the Little White Dog?" I do not go to school, but have my lessons at home.

Adah Kellogg.

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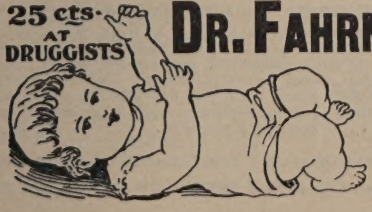

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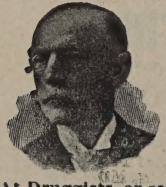

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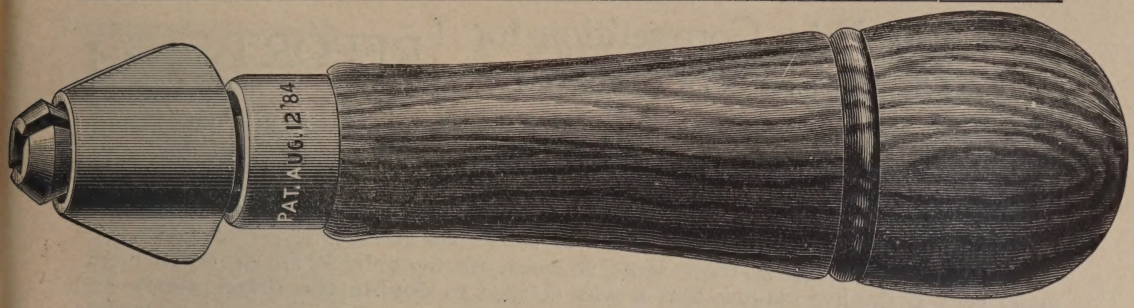
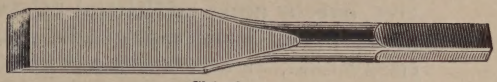


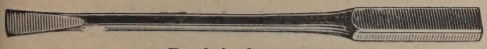
Gimlet.



Chisel.

Gouge.

Brad Awl.

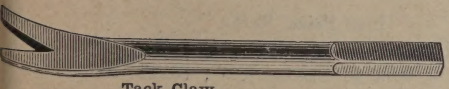


Brad Awl.

Brad Awl.

Reamer.

Scratch Awl.



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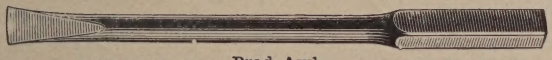

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The Prize Competition for Photographs of Children } REPORT.

In giving the result of this competition, I wish first to thank the hundreds o competitors, who sent photographs from every part of the United States, for their interest and their hearty response.

When the competition closed, Feb. 25, a vast number of photographs had been received, and the examination and award of prizes has taken time.

After the final sifting, there were so many photographs of nearly equal merit, under each of the five classes, that it was decided to **double the prize money** and give **one or more additional prizes under each class,** as follows: two additional first prizes of $5.00 each, under class "Beautiful;" a second prize of $3.00, under class "Odd;" a second prize of $3.00, under class "Action;" a second prize of $3.00, and a third prize of $2.00, under class "Pets;" a second prize of $3.00, and a third prize of $2.00, under class "Funny."

Beside the prize photographs, about fifty photographs of special interest have been selected for purchase. All others will be promptly returned.

The prize awards are as follows:

CLASS "BEAUTIFUL."

First Prize "A," $5.00.
MOTHER AND CHILD.
Joseph W. Anderson, M. D., 1321 "T" St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

First Prize "B," $5.00.
THE LITTLE READER.
Mrs. Osmon Royal, 641 E. Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.

First Prize "C," $5.00.
A WAYFARER.
Louis T. Jansen, 856 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASS "ODD."

First Prize, $5.00.
THE YOUNG KLONDIKER.
Joseph W. Anderson, M. D., 1321 "T" St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Second Prize, $3.00.
"MY BUNNY!"
Kate S. Curry, 1510 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

CLASS "ACTION."

First Prize, $5.00.
FLOATING.
Mrs. John Ferdon, Hazelhurst, Wis.

Second Prize, $3.00.
ROWING.
Mrs. John Ferdon, Hazelhurst, Wis.

CLASS "PETS."

First Prize, $5.00.
THE YOUNG HORSEMAN.
E. L. Clark, Skaneateles, N Y.

Second Prize, $3.00.
"GIVE US A BITE!"
W. E. Dickinson, Bradford, Iowa.

Third Prize, $2.00.
GOOD FRIENDS.
Chas. R. Nason, 20 Madison St., Hartford, Ct.

CLASS "FUNNY."

First Prize, $5.00.
The Baby and The Watermelon—In four scenes.
Mrs. M. B. Davenport, 130 So. 36th St., Omaha, Neb.

Second Prize, $3.00.
THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—In two scenes.
Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Third Prize, $2.00.
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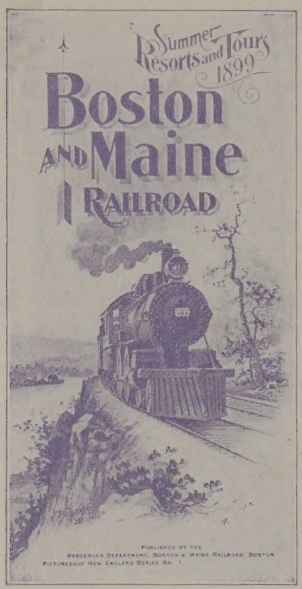

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